Brothers to go ſeeke elſe-where, but in your madneſſe
You bury brother-hood.
*Edw.* Alas poore Clarence, is it for a wife
That thou art male-content,
Why man be of good cheere, Ile prouide thee one.
*Cla.* Nay, you playde the broker ſo ill for your ſelfe,
That ye ſhall giue me leaue to make my choiſe
As I thinke good: and to that intent
I ſhortly meane to leaue you.
*Edw.* Leaue me, or tarry, I am full reſolu'd,
Edward will not be ty'd to his brothers willes.
*Qu.* My Lords, do me but right,
And you muſt confeſſe, before it pleaſd his highneſſe
To aduance my ſtate to Title of a Queene,
That I was not ignoble from my birth.
*Edw.* Forbeare my Loue to fawne vpon their frownes,
For thee they muſt obey, nay ſhall obey,
And if they looke for fauour at my hands.
*Mont.* My Lord, here is the Meſſenger return'd from France.

*Enter Meſſenger.*

*Ed.* Now ſirra, what letters? Or what newes?
*Meſ.* No Letters my Lord,
And ſuch Newes, as without your highneſſe pardon,
I dare not relate.
*Ed.* We pardon thee, and (as neere as thou canſt) tell me,
What ſaide Lewis to our Letters?
*Meſ.* At my departure theſe were his very wordes.
Go tell falſe Edward thy ſuppoſed King,
That Lewis of France is ſending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him, and his new bride.
*Ed.* Is *Lewis* ſo braue? Belike, he thinkes me *Henry*.
But what ſayde Lady *Bona* to theſe wrongs?
*Meſ.* Tell him, quoth ſhe, in hope heel proue a widdower
Shortly, Ile weare a willow Garland for his ſake.
*Ed.* She had the wrong,
Indeed ſhe could ſay little leſſe. But what ſaid *Henries* Queene,
For



For as I heare, ſhe was then in place?
*Meſ.* Tell him quoth ſhe, my mourning weeds be done,
And I am ready to put armour on.
*Ed.* Then belike ſhe meanes to play the Amazon.
But what ſaide *Warwicke* to theſe iniuries?
*Meſ.* He more incenſed then the reſt my Lord,
Tell him quoth he, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.
*Ed.* Ha, durſt the Traitor breath out ſuch proud words?
But I will arme me to preuent the worſt.
But what is *Warwicke* friends with *Margaret*?
*Meſ.* I my good Lord, they are ſo linkt in friendſhip,
That young Prince Edward marries *Warwickes* daughter.
*Cla.* The elder, belike *Clarence* ſhall haue the yonger.
All you that loue me and *Warwicke* follow me.
*Exit Clarence and Somerſet.*
*Ed. Clarence* and *Somerſet* fled to *Warwicke*,
What ſay you brother *Richard*, will you ſtand to vs?
*Glo.* I my Lord, in deſpight of all that ſhall withſtand you.
For why hath Nature made me halt downe right,
But that I ſhould be valiant and ſtand to it:
For if I would, I cannot runne away,
*Edw.* Penbrooke, go raiſe an army preſently,
Pitch vp my Tent; for in the field this night
I meane to reſt, and on the morrow morne,
Ile march to meete proud *Warwicke*, ere he land
Thoſe ſtragling troopes which he hath got in France.
But ere I go, *Montague* and *Haſtings*,
You aboue all the reſt are neere allyed
In blood to *Warwicke*: therefore tell me,
If you fauour him more then me, or not.
Speake truly, for I had rather haue you open enemies,
Then hollow friends.
*Mont.* So God helpe *Montague*, as he proues true.
*Haſt.* And *Haſtings*, as he fauours Edwards cauſe,
*Edw.* It ſhall ſuffice, Come then let's march away.
*Exeunt omnes.*